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Retrospection.

ONCE in the morn of these near-finished days,
When life was young and full of boyish thought,
I, blind to God's true gifts, in longing sought
The blandishment and charm of worldly praise;
And found it after years—as one that pays
Dear gold for tinsel. After I had bought,
I saw the finished flattery was nought;—
The praisers paused and laughed and went their ways.
Spiritless, broken, I await the end,
And pray, O God, its coming may be soon,
For sweet is the mold of death, if life shall cease,—
A life unhallowed by a single friend,
Dark as its night should be in its full noon,
Dead 'mid the living, living and yet dead.
A. L. M.

Origin of the Lætare Medal.

NAMES OF THE RECIPIENTS.



SOME years ago several members of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame met in an informal and casual way at recreation. Their conversation, general at first, turned later to matters affecting the interests of religion and the duties of educators.

In the interchange of thought this question presented itself, "Why do laymen not take a more active part in promoting the interests of religion and education?"

It was claimed by one or two that the hierarchy did not sufficiently encourage and direct the work of the laity along these lines.

While admitting that the laity as a body are less energetic and aggressive in this laudable

work than they ought to be, nevertheless some of the others contended that a cause of deeper source must be sought, and that the clergy can not justly be held responsible. In short, it was said that laymen themselves are primarily at fault for whatever laxity there may be in the matter. In this vein one of the senior members gave expression to his views in language to the effect following:

"We all know that when laymen exhibit becoming zeal and sound judgment, fortified by good example, in endeavoring to further the interests of religion, morality and education, the clergy are among the first to manifest approval and give encouragement. Their warning against pitfalls must not be taken as a pronouncement against zeal and action for the welfare of the Church and the good of society."

Instances were given by way of justifying him in the maintenance of the opinion he expressed; and, numerous and striking as they were, the necessary inference was that whatever backwardness the laity had shown in the matter was mainly attributable to their own indifference or lack of invigorating zeal. It was said that the vanities and inanities characteristic of unwholesome emulation in a wild scramble for social prominence, empty and disappointing at best, had produced in not a few a sort of spiritual sluggishness or torpor that readily found manifestation in compromise with customs and tendencies at variance with true religious sentiment and sound moral principles. One of the statements made in support of this contention had reference to the large percentage of at least nominally Catholic young men in attendance at non-Catholic institutions of learning.

"And surely," the professor continued, "the clergy can not be held answerable for sending these young men to places where their religion is misunderstood or misrepresented and con-

Professor J. F. Edwards

stant danger encountered of suffering loss of faith and perversion of the moral principles taught them from the cradle to adolescence. A nice prospect, indeed, for perhaps tender-hearted, but certainly thoughtless parents, who vainly imagine that a certain prestige may thus be acquired for their son, and his deficiencies hidden by the popular reputation for high standing of his school! I would say to all such that dullness can not profit by such exploitation. A dunce from such place, graduated though he be, seems more of a dunce on that account, when his incapacity becomes demonstrated in his grapple with the practical things of the business world. I would say to them that knowledge is power, and that the want of it is weakness, quite irrespectively of the standing or popularity of schools. With knowledge should come a courageous nature, a strong character and a consistent course of life, and surely these are not readily formed in an atmosphere where pervading doubt, evasive faith and cowardly subterfuge, give welcome to him in the transition from the simple and confiding ways of home-life, and offer aid proportionately to his weakness and indecision in enabling him to accommodate himself to his new associations and environments!"

"Well, now, that is what I call downright pessimism," exclaimed another of the professors, one entitled to speak with authority by reason of his long and faithful services to the University. "I am certain that you have confounded the exception with the rule. You see and speak of the idly circling waters of the eddy rather than of the current that marks the centre of the river. Consider how engrossing are the duties of such of the laity as might worthily and creditably lead or take active part in the important work to which you refer. Our faith is fixed and settled beyond controversy or question, and does not invite the unrest and agitation which doubt engenders. Our aim should be to influence men by our example rather than by precept. Let us seek to direct our acts conformably to the high standard of moral life which the Church prescribes, and we can in that way make a deeper impression for good than by hysterical demonstrations and noisy agitation. Moreover, let us make our system of education the most thorough and progressive in the land, and we shall then have no occasion to fear that the parents of Catholic young men, or Catholic young men themselves, will of their own choice face the perils you have so graphically described."

"Well, I admit the force of what you say," replied the speaker who had preceded, "but we deal with the matter from different points of view. Our controversy, if such it may be called, resolves itself into the question simply, Which of us had of this interesting theme the correct major premise? If you had—why, that settles it."

"But my reply did not fully cover the case, as presented by you," said the younger professor, resuming his remarks. "There certainly is truth in what you say, as applied to a small but vulgar element of the newly rich. On the other hand, however, think of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of practical and zealous laymen—devoted men and women—who are laboring in all the walks of life with genuine sincerity and edifying results to further the interests of religion, education and morality. Earnestly and unobtrusively, and not telling at what sacrifice, they proceed uncomplainingly from year to year in the discharge of the duties devolving upon them. They bear their burdens with resignation and true Christian fortitude, and their lives furnish edifying examples of obedience to the commands of the Church. In short, their lives square with her teachings. They sympathize with the afflicted and are charitable to the poor. Industrious, temperate, upright and honest, their conduct is exemplary. Such men and women as these deserve good will and encouragement. It is my opinion that our University might well take some definite action in that regard—take the initiative, as it were, in appreciative acknowledgment of what is thus done for faith, morals, education and good citizenship. A medal yearly given might fittingly serve as tangible evidence of appreciation and encouragement."

The suggestion was favorably received and ultimately adopted by the President and Faculty. In consonance with it the token chosen was a medal, with an accompanying presentation address. This it was determined to confer on the chosen recipient *Lætare* Sunday in each year, and hence it is called the *Lætare* Medal.

It is intended as a recognition of services rendered by the laity in behalf of religion, education and morality. The University of Notre Dame bestows her degrees on the young men who worthily finish their studies in her halls, and they go forth into the world crowned with her laurels, and assured of her cherished hopes and cordial wishes for their success and welfare. But, not content alone with this, she

seeks also to reach, according to her own method of University extension, in helpfulness and good offices to the great world outside—to the body of the Church, or to members of the laity whose zeal for the faith, and achievements in the arts, sciences, literature, law, medicine, etc., entitle them to appreciative recognition and encouragement. The alumni thus far chosen by her in this broad field already form a galaxy of distinguished men and women whom Catholics generally must feel pleased to see recognized, honored and decorated with this token of her good will and approbation.

And here it may be fitting to give in conclusion the names of those who have already been chosen year by year as recipients of the Lætare Medal: In 1883 it was conferred on John Gilmary Shea, the historian, who was known throughout the United States as an authority on Indian antiquities and dialects; in 1884 it was bestowed on Patrick Keeley, the most noted architect of church edifices in the country; in 1885 it was conferred on Eliza Allen Starr, famous as a lecturer and artist—a lady whose services in popularizing Catholic art have been most valuable; in 1886 Gen. John Newton, who served his country with fidelity and efficiency, as well in peace as in war, and was notable for his attainments in engineering and the sciences, received the medal; in 1887 it went to a distinguished German convert, who once stood high in fame and confidence as a clergyman of the Lutheran church; in 1888 it was presented to P. V. Hickey, whose splendid abilities as editor were cordially enlisted in defence and furtherance of faith, education and morals; Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, whose writings entitle her to a conspicuous place in the domain of Catholic literature, received the medal in 1889; in 1890 it was conferred on Dr. William J. Onahan, whose exceptionally bright mind and capable hand have for many years been at the service of his co-religionists and aidful in raising the standard of Catholic aspirations to high ideals of duty and effort; in 1891 it was bestowed on Daniel Dougherty, famous for his oratory, and ever a faithful son of the Church; Major Henry F. Brownson, a soldier, scholar and gentleman, who has ever been true to his standard of duty, and whose edition of the voluminous works of his gifted and distinguished father entitles him to the grateful acknowledgment of both the hierarchy and the laity, received the medal; in 1893 it went to Patrick Donahue, the

veteran editor and publisher of a leading Catholic newspaper; Mr. Augustin Daly, who deserves well of the public on account of his conscientious services in elevating and purifying the drama, received it in 1894; in recognition of his services to God and country it was bestowed in 1895 on one of the truest of Americans and most devout and faithful of the laity, General William Stark Rosecrans; the following year it was conferred on Mrs. Sadlier for meritorious services in the line of Catholic literature; in 1897 it was presented to Dr. Addis Emmet, a faithful son of the Church, and one of the ablest physicians and surgeons in the country, and, finally, it was bestowed this year on Judge Timothy E. Howard, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, who as scholar, jurist and legislator, has filled to the brim the measure of public requirement and expectation.

Beyond Bounds.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

Jim Buckley and Charlie Johnson had been bitter enemies for more than a year. Every time they met each other the only sign of recognition that passed between them was a taunting smile of triumph from the former which always brought a scowl upon Charlie's countenance. They were both in the lumber business, and owned adjoining pine forests. A year ago they had a dispute over a small strip of land, and when Buckley won his case their friendship was severed, seemingly forever.

One winter day more than a year after the quarrel Jim came out to his pine lands to see how the logging was progressing. He was seated in his little log camp gazing vacantly into the flickering flames of the wood-fire before him. Visions of a prosperous season loomed up, and the ruddy glare of the fire showed a smile of satisfaction on his countenance. In the midst of these bright day-dreams he was suddenly disturbed by the noisy and uncereemonious entrance of a broad-shouldered, weather-beaten man whom he recognized as his foreman.

"Well, I'm sorry, Buckley, but we are in for it now," shouted the foreman breathlessly.

"Why? how? what has happened?" asked Jim in amazement.

"Johnson's got you right on the hip now," answered the other broadly. "While I was out

on the swamp road looking after a team that was stuck in the snow, our blamed choppers made a mistake and cut over the boundary into Johnson's land."

"Cut into Johnson's land!" shouted Jim angrily. "The stupid fools! That is the last thing in the world I would wish them to have done;" and he gave vent to his anger by stamping heavily on the floor.

"Well, it can't be helped now," said the foreman. "I suppose we must, as the old saw goes, stand and take our medicine."

This remark touched Buckley's pride, and he answered quickly and sharply:

"No, no, I *will* not be humbled by that scoundrel, Johnson, in a lawsuit where he is sure to win." "But," he said calming down somewhat, "I don't see any clear way out of the difficulty just now."

Then both remained silently lost in thought, while no sound broke the solemn stillness but the sputtering of the flames and the steady jingling of the sleigh-bells far away in the forest. Buckley's brow was wrinkled, and he was evidently thinking of some means to discomfort his enemy. At length he leaped up from his chair.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried excitedly, a look of triumph glittering in his eye.

"What?" asked the foreman.

"You said our men only cut about twenty feet into Johnson's land?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will go and move the corner stake tonight. Johnson will never know the difference, and besides he never hires a surveyor to look after his land."

"Capital!" replied the foreman jumping up and patting him on the back with his heavy hand. "You can go after our men come in from work, and that will be one more game we'll win from Johnson."

The two men sat down cheered with more pleasant forecasting of the future, and waited patiently for the choppers' return to supper. Presently the merry songs of the men outside and the tinkling of sleigh-bells announced to Buckley that it was time for him to start on his exploit. When the choppers were all at supper he stole quietly out with a shovel and pickaxe on his shoulder.

It was a bright, moonlit night, and the calm, eternal stillness of the primeval forest reigned around him. The tall tasselled pines and the bearded hemlocks looked like huge giants in the soft moonbeams, and below them on the

spotless snow was scattered the lace-work of their shadows. Buckley strode along rapidly toward the northeast corner of his land, and every faint sound that was wafted to his ear startled him as if it were an avalanche falling. Now and then a rabbit frightened from its covert, flitted across his path, and was lost in the thick forest in an instant. He was an old woodman, but this night every faint noise that came to his ear made him shudder and peer nervously into the woods on all sides. At length he reached his destination, and one glance confirmed the story of his foreman. An area of about twenty square feet beyond the corner stake was covered with fallen trees and limbs.

"If Johnson only could discover this, wouldn't he be delighted!" he muttered, "but he won't;" and he started to dig up the stake immediately.

He had taken up the stake, and was leaning against a tree to rest after his exertion, when a noise back of him, as if some one were tramping on the branches of trees that were strewn all about the ground, made him start.

"That's only a rabbit, or perhaps an icicle falling from a tree," he thought.

He endeavored to dispel all nervousness, and was about to complete his work of theft when he thought that he heard a voice near by. He listened intently, and soon he heard a gruff voice begin to talk loudly.

"He caught me once, but by Jove! he won't do it again," were the words Jim heard distinctly. Buckley turned around suddenly, and just as he did he saw the dark figures of two men emerging from the shadow of a tree close by. He immediately recognized the foremost as Johnson. The two enemies, now face to face, stood still looking at each other in amazement. Finally Buckley thought that silence was no longer useful, so he began to confess the truth.

"You've caught me this time, Johnson, but it will be the last time," he said hoarsely. "How did you know it so soon?"

"How? know what?" asked Johnson blankly.

"This," said Jim, pointing to the land around him and holding out the stake in his hand.

Johnson ran up to where Jim was standing and took him by the hand to the great consternation of Buckley.

"Well, Jim, I guess it pays better to be friends after all. I am here on the same errand as yourself, for my men cut some of your wood about a quarter of a mile north of here. We are both caught at our own small game."

Shadows.

JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

Man loves variety. His physical being is soon wearied of uniformity, and the senses, after all, sway the intellect as surely as the brain is borne by the body. In a savage state the human race unconsciously seeks to escape from monotony by leading a roving life. When it becomes more enlightened, it aims to supply the want of change in its surroundings by the varied decorations of a home. The multiform pursuits and environments of civilized society develop the many-sided intellect of man and conduce to his individualization—to more delicate differences of taste. Yet there are traits of human nature that are in common and underlie these personal inclinations, as the earth supports the innumerable forms of vegetation.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Everyone loves the diversity of mountain scenery more than the monotonous, rolling prairies, and prefers the prairies to the dreary waste of desert sand. Neither that life which is most intense, nor that which is most sluggish is sought. The repetition of uniform sounds soon tires. When these are produced more rapidly they become music; as the recurrence comes faster and faster the note reaches a pitch of intolerable shrillness and finally goes out beyond the receptivity of human senses. Pure white light is carried through the ether on waves inconceivably rapid in movement, but man can not gaze upon the sun; neither does he love the darkness, nor the mean between these extremes. It is the play of light and shade, the intermingling of the intense with the restful, that pleases him.

Art is the expression of the types, the shadows of the beautiful. Joy and sorrow are both beautiful and are akin to each other, but the shadow of sorrow is deeper than that of joy. They must be expressed in the concrete to secure our sympathy; they must blend and oppose each other. Joy must be chastened, accentuated and relieved by grief, as the roses on a full blown bush are relieved and enhanced in comeliness by the dark green leaves. Art strives to reproduce the mind's ideal with symbols—sound as in music or poetry, color and form as in painting, sculpture or architecture.

The cultured Greeks strove after their concept of the beautiful with form as a means.

The Egyptians typified the genius of their land by massive monuments. Each clothed his ideal with the beautiful realities which surrounded him. Hellas was a land of sunshine, of pleasant hills and flowers. The Parthenon could not spring from the plains of the Nile. A pyramid would have been out of place on the acropolis. Both affect us, for they are men's real type of the ideal. Shelley describes Athens as

" . . . a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry."

When Napoleon drew up his men under the shadow of the pyramids, he did not arouse their valor by the eternal silence of the desert stretching away like a sandy sea. He pointed to the achievements of men long dead, and the listeners knew what he meant by the words: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you."

Painting consists in the harmonious arrangement of color, and music is melody resulting from the proper sequence of sounds of many degrees. Important among the pleasing effects that architects study to obtain is the graceful disposition of light and shade. The "dim religious light" that struggled through the stained glass of the clerestory and fell aloof along the vistas of exquisitely carved capitals is the pre-eminent charm of the Gothic cathedral, while the firm, aggressive buttresses, their dark nooks and sharp angles relieving the monotony, are the salient marks of the exterior.

The value of a flower lies in the delicacy of its shades. The sunflower is a blaze of gold, but it is not beautiful. There is beauty in the blue-tinged corolla of the violet or in the exquisite pink and bright yellow primrose. The first of the primroses closed as darkness fell and caught the colors of the sunset.

The most beautiful things are shadows. The greatest paintings are dusky, sombre, almost melancholy. Of course there is a technical reason for this, but if there were not, the pictures that suggested sad moods would alone be masterpieces. Stand on Luna Island and watch the steady sweep of the silvery Niagara River over the American Falls. It is exquisite. It affords a peculiar sense of delightfulness; for as we look, we know that the broad, splendid veil of water and the rainbows which you can almost touch are a never-ending dream of fairy enchantment. Yet it is the heavy green crescent and the thundering gorge, steaming as with the breath of laboring monsters, that make Niagara sublime.

The charms of a beautiful day are the charms that its lights and shadows have. From early dawn the sprites are busy carrying away the black garments of night, and after the sun has risen, they come back to disport in the groves where idlers love to watch the sunbeams chase the shadows in the grass. One reason that has been given for the witchery of moonlight is that the shadows cast by the "fickle goddess" are subject to wide and abrupt changes. Tonight the alluring beams descend in a slope gentle as those of a December sun; tomorrow evening they fall from the zenith potent as the rays of a tropical noonday.

It is the gathering gloom of twilight that makes it beautiful and soothes us in spite of ourselves. Poetry has shrouded the dying day with a veil that the spirits of light and darkness wove in that silent hour after sunset. The warp is spun from subtle sunbeams and the woof from shadows growing bolder, but the threads are so fine that the texture of the fabric is invisible, and we say that it is growing dark, half wondering why we love the twilight. Did you ever while sitting in the dusk glance momentarily away from an object and turning find that it had grown perceptibly dimmer and perhaps had taken on a new aspect when draped in another fold of twilight's vesture?

The garment becomes more sombre, and like a pall covers the day and all that it held dear. The eyes cease attempting to peer through the heavy curtain and close. The anvils of the ear, that rang ceaselessly in daytime, are less and less agitated. The brain that throbs with the cares of this foolish little world is overcome by the shadow of Infinity. Then the sprightly imp, imagination, steals out from his lurking place in the storehouse of memory to find his stern task-master, judgment, at rest, and no one near to reprove or advise him. So he revels amid the wealth of that great repository, and plays sacrilegiously with its dearest treasures, puts a mournful impression of long ago beside a ludicrous one of yesterday, or tears the most beautiful to pieces and fashions some grotesque creation from the debris. But he knows that everything must be returned to its proper place before the brain requires them, and sometimes, as we suddenly awake, we catch him in the act of restoring to an obscure cranny the souvenir of a long-forgotten hour, or the remembrance of features that have faded from reality, and now live only in the realm of memory.

Varsity Verse.

THE LAST HOPE.

GOOD God! when this cold earth shall count her last
Sad trip; when from their wonted places all
The other worlds despairing lean and fall;
When stars and moon and sun are crumbling fast
And dim with age; when lightnings flare and cast
Their tongues through naught but gloom; then from
the pall

Of Night, a deep and solemn voice will call:
Time was; but now time is forever past.

Then, Lord, Thou wilt be there; and then shall we,
Poor mortal men, 'mid all the risen dead,
Await the sentence of eternal doom.
Oh happy! if, Prometheus like, we be
Found clinging to the Rock of Ages overhead—
Our only hope 'mid everlasting gloom.

P. J. R.

THE GOOD OF WISHING.

If all the wishes of all the world were granted
The world would be as gloomy as before.
The wise with the fools would be as discontented;
The fools would sigh and wish to wish once more.

L. P. D.

THE IDEALIST'S VOLUME.

Fashioned from the best of many days,
Life of the best in lives of many men,
Way of the better parts of many ways,
Gods and Olympus brought to life again.

L. P. D.

TO MY PEN.

Comrade of better hours, to you
I dedicate this halting verse;
Because you've been a friend as true
As any friend I ever knew.
And though these lines could better be,—
They also might be fashioned worse—
Companion of my work, to you
I dedicate this halting verse.

You've written much for me, I know;
For which I think you very kind;
And yet I haven't much to show
For all the years we've labored so—
Which shows what clever work I do.
But you, I'm sure, will never mind;
You've written much for me, I know,
I can't do more than think you kind.

We've spoiled a thousand sheets or more,
For which I think we'd better quit
This occupation and give o'er
All writing; leave this hostile shore,
To find some sunny, genial clime,
Where all will understand my wit.
We've spoiled a thousand sheets or more;
'Tis time, I think, for us to quit.

My friend, perhaps the happy day
Is not a very long way off,
When people here will stop and say
Our work is great. This little lay
Will travel over many seas;
Then let the snarling critics scoff.
My friend, I hope that happy day
For you and me is not far off.

A. L. M.

Buck's Fatal Plunge.

FRANK MALOY.

Buck Duvall had made up his mind. This was an unusual occurrence, since Buck hardly could be said to have a mind of his own. Aided by many deep potations taken down at Reese's, he had come to the conclusion to kill himself. He had indeed publicly announced his intention, and in the little town of Miles City the news travelled very fast. Before noon of the fatal day every person in the town, young and old, knew and had talked about it. Now, that Buck was going to kill himself was not of itself so wonderful a thing, since his removal, as many of the older residents said, "would be no loss to the town. He is a worthless cuss anyhow." And indeed this remark was exemplified in the fact that nobody tried to stop Buck in his determination. Something out of the common was going to happen in Miles City, however, and many were in a delicious state of excitement, doubt and fear.

Miles City was a quiet, sleepy little town in western Missouri. The little Snake River raged its way swiftly through the place. Except the bi-weekly arrival of the stage, which connected Miles City with the outside world, a case of drunkenness or a dog-fight, nothing ever happened to break the monotony. Buck held the enviable position of stage-driver from Mulcrone to Miles City.

Possibly it was his association with the residents of Mulcrone that gave Buck a certain dignity of manner of late, extremely out of place. His "bed-tick" trousers were the envy of the whole male population of Miles City. This article of apparel, when added to the high-heeled boots he always wore, placed Buck far above the "common herd." Indeed, it was said he bought those trousers with a purpose.

Buck was in love with Mollie Hardy. He had been "going" with her for two years, and more than once during his sober moments he had declared his love, and asked her to marry him. Mollie, a very sensible girl, had, however, quietly refused all his proposals. Not that she did not like Buck; for a woman's affections are bestowed in strange places sometimes, but she could hardly become his wife until he stopped drinking. Buck misunderstood her actions and drank all the more.

His love affair was known even in Mulcrone, twenty-two miles away, and of course was

public property in Miles City. One day while in Mulcrone he saw the trousers mentioned before. Instantly a thought flashed through his mind that "maybe they might be the means to bring proud Mollie to his feet." Surely such trousers, with those large white and blue stripes, were never seen in Miles City. He bought them, and on the trip back the next day was so highly elated that loungers at the half-way station remarked his behavior.

"Buck cud hardly wait to make the change," Spivins, the blacksmith, said; "he was jumpin' around like a kid, and never tuk a drink durin' the hull half-hour he was here. Wonder whut he hed in that bundle on the seat?"

The next day Buck was idle and he proposed to put a plan into action. He would wear those trousers—outside of his high-heeled boots, too—and with his most winning manner that very morning would ask Mollie Hardy again to be his wife. Surely his appearance would win any one, he thought. She could not be a woman with a love for the beautiful and refuse him under such circumstances.

At ten o'clock he rushed into Reese's and yelled for a drink. It was no sooner swallowed than it was followed by another. In fifteen minutes he had taken five or six more drinks, and had never said anything except to "fill 'er up agin." Reese finally managed to say:

"Whut's the matter, Buck? You seem frustrated." This was balm to his wounded feelings. Any pretence of sympathy was enough for Buck, and in a few minutes he had told Reese all his grievances.

"I don't give a dern about myself, Reese; but here I pay two dollars fer them pants, and when I ast her to marry me this mornin', she said I must be crazy to think she'd marry a man as wore such close as them," and Buck half groaned, half howled in his grief. "But Reese," he continued, "you've allus bin a friend o' mine (hic). I'm goin' tell ye; shaid nex' time she turned me down was goin' t' kill m'self. Thish made thirteen time I've ast her; s'unlucky number, s'unlucky fer me, Reese (hic)." "Gimme 'nother one. I'm goin' to do it, Reese, goin' t' kill m'self! Whoop! Called me crazy!"

It seemed to Buck that a bad job was better over quickly, since he told Reese and the gathered crowd that, "It's all right, boys, two clock goin' jump into the river. I'm a man of few words, gen'lemen. Shay, everybody take drink on Buck before he dies."

Buck staggered out and forgot to pay his

bill. On the street he told every one he met his intention. Strange to say no one seemed to pay any attention to his threats, taking them as the idle ramblings of a drunken man. He told the same story to all, embellished from time to time as he thought their feelings might be worked upon. By two o'clock a great number of persons were upon the streets as on a holiday. Buck had managed in the meantime to become very, very drunk. At the appointed hour he came stumbling down the street with a crowd of boys and men at his heels. Arrived at the bridge everyone thought of course that Buck's courage would fail him. In his present condition, however, he was totally oblivious to fear. The river twenty feet below plunged swiftly on its way as Buck climbed upon the bridge railing. Grasping a guide-rod with one hand he motioned for silence:

"Gen'lemem," he said, "here goes the whitest boy as ever left Pike Connty. When ye fish me out o' here, hang these pants o' mine up as a warnin', 'at it's not allus the feathers as makes the bird."

His chin trembled. Buck was beginning to weaken.

"I ain't got no personal grudge agin any of ye here, and if I've ever—" Buck was talking now merely to gain sympathy. It was evident he did not intend to make the jump.

"Why don't ye quit talkin' and go on with the performance?" cried some one interrupting him.

"Say, Buck," said Bill Irwin standing at Buck's feet, "Ill bet you a dollar you're afraid to jump off o' there."

"I'll jus' take that bet," said Buck, and loosening his grasp upon the guide-rod, he put his hand in his pocket.

In an instant Irwin had reached and shoved Buck from the railing. With a tremendous splash Buck struck the water. He quickly came to the surface, however, yelled for help, shook the water from his hair and eyes and struck out for the bank. The swift current carried Buck at least a quarter of a mile down the river before he came to shore.

Three days afterward a very dilapidated specimen of humanity sneaked in at the back door of Warner's grocery store and asked for a piece of cheese.

"Great Scott! Buck, is that you?" cried Warner. "Howdy do? Thought you was at the bottom of the little Snake."

"No," said Buck, "I come back to claim that bet I made with Irwin."

A Laureate's Volume.*

It is a plain and favorite Irish poet, Father Matthew Russell, S. J., who dubbed Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary the "Laureate of the Blessed Virgin." If one could lay his hand on the first blue-and-white book of Father Benjamin D. Hill's—then a Paulist Father—or manage to retain such a handy reference work as "American Catholic Poets," he might correct and happily supplement items anent the life which none, after a half hour's reading of the former or present volume, can fain but covet. But these volumes telling tales of our friend have long gone the unreturning way of favorites lent to familiars who spread the perfume by lending again. Who blames? The former poems will not, as they shall not die; for in one or other of the three volumes, of which "Passion Flowers" is the primary number, they survive, many of them "revised and improved." This first name expresses the contents, save that it contains the sustained "narrative poem in two parts, Saint Hermenegild." The next couples its flowery links into "A Wreath for Mary—Mariæ Corolla;" third "Poems of Affection and Friendship," ending with "Letters to an Old Chum." So much for the promise; what is the fulfilment? Neither doubtful nor any longer obscure, thanks to the success of the persecution of this just one, until he has had to surrender to the plunder of his valuables on the public literary highway.

In private and in the pulpit, in his printed controversial booklet, "A Short Cut to the Church," Father Hill is the imperturbable plain English talker, though none the less, when he will, the Oxford and Cambridge bred scholar. Prof. Stoddard or Dr. Egan would probe in vain for the idealist, the first interpreter living,—I dare say it—of deep, pathetic Marian devotion. And yet he vainly tries to hide his precious personality behind his mostly impersonal though profoundly passionate verse. But prove to yourself, by brooding over these wells of Catholic English undefiled, whether you would have him less transparent through his pages, or that you shall boast you can take him in at a reading or learn him in a year! Open again the first blank page of the former Poems, and taste the Moore-ic rhythm of the flowing lyric "To a Picture of Nazareth," with its Virgin's well hardby the cot of Joseph. Turn—not too

* *Passion Flowers*. By Father Edmund, C. P. (Benjamin D. Hill). Benziger Bros. 1898.

quickly lest the sweetness of the water be lost on your palate—turn to the first page of the newer "Love's Prisoner" in "Passion Flowers," Hush! is He not here?

"But is He lonely? Bend not here
Adoring angels, as on high?
Ah, yes: but yet, when we appear,
A softer glory floods His eye.

And thus He is alone—for me!"

This was penned in '66, the year of the author's conversion to the Catholic faith.

Few years follow of secular life—this soul never was secular. The priesthood looms in his attachment to Father Hecker and the Paulists with whom he was ordained to the ministry—which becomes him so thoroughly—in 1871. Thus this impersonal poet is pursued by his own shadow, and in his confidences of page as well as hand gives you glints of recollections which to the familiar, knowing his life, are a perfectly intelligible guide to reconstruct his biography from his own pen. His hymns for Paulist doctrine societies and help in the building of the literature of congregational singing are known to but a coterie of correspondents. He sang and wrought with all his might in the positions assigned him; was the poet of the *Catholic World's* best in the years up to 1878, when he took up the more mystic and congenial paths of the Passionists.

The poems under review are divided in the two courses of life—Part II. commencing with Father Hill's connection with the Congregation of the Passion. You can feel the transition going on in the sympathetic, manly, outspoken soul, despite the continence against self-praise. One fond of a break in the deep, savory piety, will find little idyls scattered through both parts—notably the sweet tripartite songs "To a Lady," "To the Same," and "Veiled." And whoso tires of the spondaic and trochaic character of a number of stanzas, will again find surprised relief in the dactylic measures of the "Last Hour," or the playfulness of "To Margaret," in the opening; or finally in the descriptive four-line stanzas "Southward." Here again we touch the personal chord; for the signature, with "S. S. Pleiades, Jan. 1884," shows him to his friends obeying with Father Kent Stone, his almost inseparable companion, going to take possession of their mission in South America, first at Valparaiso and later on at Buenos Ayres. The "Sursum Corda," where we recognize from the date, 1894, that he has returned—indeed at solicitation from highest authority—to his favorite United States, is in

honor of Mrs. Emily Troth, of St. Gabriel's Confraternity for correspondence with invalid converts. The Ode to Liberty is finer than any centennial hymn, and the dash of personal reminiscence in it gives it a vitality and application, fondly to be desired for American youth. And let it distinctly be recorded that, although the author is English by birth, upbringing and education, his sympathies are American, so far as a mystic poet can be patriotic in the wordly sense; for his patriotism takes in grander proportions, is of the mother country beyond the sky and of its kindred, who in very truth are the select of mankind. It is a pity that the Benziger Bros., who are doing so many brave things for later Catholic fiction, could not have consulted tastier judges of a fit cover for exquisite poetry than the remarkably bilious green and gold of this overloaded stamp. The fine frontispiece portrait satisfies the craving of every reader to know the author.

T. J. J.

* * *

One of the best Catholic magazines published in this country is the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of Philadelphia. The object of this *Review* is to promote the interests of higher education. In addition to the essays, there is in this magazine, under the head of "Scientific Chronicle," a department devoted to short notices regarding all improvements, inventions or discoveries made in science. Many valuable and instructive hints are to be found there for persons engaged in this line of study. Each issue is replete with information on subjects of an elevated nature, and contains scholarly essays on questions with which every thorough student must necessarily be acquainted. Although our present century has been branded as one eminently practical, yet in matters political and philosophical there seem to be fully as many theories as ever existed in any previous epoch of history. The *Review* deals especially with subjects of this nature, and endeavors to give its readers contributions from the ablest and deepest thinkers of the day. In a recent issue appear two essays, one on "What Makes a Species?" by Dr. St. George Mivart, the other on Herbert Spencer's "Biologic Sociology" by Rev. John J. Ming, S. J., that are very instructive. Among other interesting papers are "Alfred Lord Tennyson," "Irish University Education," and "The Manitoba School Question." The *Review* is a high-class, stable magazine, always the same and uninfluenced by popular fancy.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The University Stock Company, which had much to do with raising the standard of dramatics at Notre Dame, came very near the end of its existence. Happily it has been reorganized, and some time in May will have a comedy 'on the boards' for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Such news is good news. It has been shown that Notre Dame has many actors, and if the best of these are chosen to be the Stock Company, their success should be of the highest.

—Ground for the new gymnasium has already been broken, and from now the work will go steadily on. By the time the students of next year return, everything will be in readiness for the athletes; the 'old gym' will be left to the smokers. The new building is the climax of Notre Dame's spurt in athletic progress. Baseball is at its best; football is surely coming to the top; and track athletics, in their infancy, have grown wonderfully strong. The season to come will give forth many triumphs for the men of the Gold and Blue.

The festive days of Mi-Carême have come and gone for those that sought pleasure in them; and the days of the Lenten season are drawing near their end. In two weeks more the gaiety of life, which has been held back

through the time of sackcloth and ashes, will burst forth with the flowers of the springtime; and the old world will put on his bright, multi-colored costume and go rollicking through the fairest days of the year. In this case we go the way of the world. The board of editors is longing for a gay Easter; and that the SCHOLASTIC may be as fair and bright as it can be made, this board of editors has decided that no SCHOLASTIC shall be published on next Saturday; that two weeks shall be given to the preparation of the Easter number.

—The fact that everyone that takes interest in the Lætare Medal is well pleased with the choice of Judge Howard as the medalist of '98 is very gratifying to those that made the selection. Judge Howard, it is well known by the present student body of Notre Dame, is one of the University's earliest and best students, and is now one of its greatest and staunchest friends. When the many are one in saying that the Judge of Indiana's supreme court is most worthy of the honor conferred upon him, it can not reasonably be doubted that there is the slightest fault to bar him from such an honor. The one that made the selection for the University has done wisely and well, and the SCHOLASTIC joins the voices of the multitude of friends in saying that Judge Howard is to be congratulated, and in wishing him the success the years have so far brought to him.

The long evenings will soon be here when students, in many straggling bands, love to roam through the groves by the lakes, singing their songs and making merry at thought of the coming summer. Would it not be well for some of our rimesters and musicians to try their skill in composing songs that shall be of and for Notre Dame. In this brotherhood of ours there are many that have talent—which is kept wofully idle—that could be brought into good use; and Notre Dame and Sorin or Brownson Hall, as it may be, would be very thankful and much the better for it. Come now, you possessors of this envied skill, leave your *Alma Mater* some memory of yourselves. The orchestra, band and mandolin orchestra have done great things, thanks to their leader. It is left to you to do great things by doing as the SCHOLASTIC advises you to do. Your efforts will be recognized by the kindest of critics and your praises will be sung by a score of friends.

Baseball.

A month ago, the baseball men were straining their lungs and eyes in the dark and dusty gym. Now they are capering over the sward as if they enjoyed the work. Fielding the ball, with the old familiar sky as a background is different from digging the same ball out of a brick wall, and the players appreciate the change. As a matter of course, the fielding has improved and the batting, though far from satisfactory, is growing better. Barring Captain Powers and Callahan, the team is not up to the mark in hitting. Base running has been fair, the only fault lying in slowness in starting. During the past week the men have been engaged in laudable efforts to slide into second base and tear up a large portion of the diamond on the way.

Individually, some of the men have been doing extremely well in practice. Captain Michael Powers is doing hard, conscientious work. His arm is as good as ever, and he imparts much of his dash and energy to his followers. In the box Gibson and his famous glove are holding the centre of the stage. Although he is not putting his mid-season fervor into his work, it is clear that his cunning has not left him. The curves are as deceptive as ever and the ball crosses the plate with accuracy. When he exerts himself, Gibson's arm resembles a rifle more than anything else. The old battery is almost invincible.

At first base, McDonald is playing his usual silent, certain game. He is scooping balls out of the sand, and going into the clouds after all kinds of throws and is getting them. The initial corner is safe.

Wilson and McNichols are playing at second. McNichols' work is better than at this time last year, and he has overcome his tendency to shirk hard-hit, low balls. With the stick he is improving. Wilson, who was doing substitute backstop work is alternating with McNichols at second, and is putting up a fair game. He is slower on his feet than McNichols, and his work at the bat is not brilliant.

Donahue, a new man, is playing short. He goes at his work earnestly and makes clever stops; yet his throwing is somewhat erratic; but he is willing to learn, and there is in him the stuff of which ball players are made. A little more confidence in himself would improve his work.

Out-fielder Fleming, of last year's Varsity,

is holding the third sack. He offsets the proverbial awkwardness of a left-handed infielder with his fast throwing. The way Fleming gets the ball over to his big first baseman is exhilarating. As he grows accustomed to his new position, his fielding will grow surer.

The out-field is a splendid one. Daly is again in centre; Follen is playing right and Callahan officiates near the tennis-courts. A hit into the out-field this year will be unusual, to say the least.

Daly is fast on his feet, and a good thrower. He supports the second baseman well, and is sure death to a fly-ball. His work at the bat has not been steady. He runs the bases like a frightened deer and gets away fast.

Over in the shadow of Mechanic Hall stands silent Follen, he that went into the fence at Chicago last season. The hero of that memorable incident is playing well. He watches the game intently, and gets under all flies that stray into his territory. His batting is improving.

In the left division, Callahan suns himself and lopes leisurely after the ball. His errors are few and far between, and how he moves so slowly and yet covers so much ground is a mystery. His fielding is far above par, and his throwing is magnificent. He is especially strong at the bat. Callahan has certainly strengthened the team.

Fitzpartick is sighing for hot weather. Sunshine and lots of it makes Fitzpatrick pitch like a veteran. Herman, who was doing good work, has seemingly dropped out of regular practice. He has a good arm and plays hard. Farley, when the track team is not at work, shows up well on the diamond.

The South Bend professional team reports April 1st, and Manager O'Shaughnessy of the Varsity has arranged a series of games with the regulars. The first college game is the contest with Michigan, April 18, when Notre Dame will try hard to repeat the operation so successfully performed last year. Let the work be done to the accompaniment of generous, gentlemanly "rooting."

As a whole, the team should play well together. It can do no good to be over-confident of the success of the Varsity; but if the men continue to work hard, we need have no fear. At a crisis in a game, the college yell, given by hundreds of loyal throats, is a powerful incentive to the men on the field. Men that are put on the field to do battle in athletics must know that their friends are near. Let it be given often.

L. T. W.

Charles A. Dana.

Another brilliant light has gone out in the world of literature, and American journalism has lost its brightest mind by the death of Charles Anderson Dana, late editor of the *New York Sun*. The great editor was born at Hinsdale, N. H., August 8, 1819, and, after working as a clerk in his uncle's shop until he was eighteen years of age, he entered Harvard University; but trouble with his eyes prevented him from completing his course at that institution.

Mr. Dana received his first newspaper training on a small journal called the *Harbinger* and on a Boston paper called the *Chronotype*. Later he labored on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, part of the time as managing editor; and he was a close friend of Horace Greeley, its founder, until about 1861, when a difference of opinion regarding the war led to the resignation of Mr. Dana at Greeley's request. In 1848 Mr. Dana went to Europe, and on a salary of forty dollars a week, which he received for writing five letters to American newspapers, he lived there eight months, went to every place of interest, and supported himself there, and his family in New York.

In 1863, Dana was appointed assistant secretary of war, which office he held until the close of the civil war. A short while afterward he organized a company that purchased the *Sun*; and the first number under his supervision was issued January 27, 1868. With Mr. Dana as editor, the politics of the *Sun* were democratic until after the last presidential election. From its beginning the *Sun* has been a great political journal.

Mr. Dana was a man of strong determination; and if he formed an opinion, he would support it with all his energy. He was a bold thinker, and still bolder in his expression of what he thought, and in this way he had enough controversies and quarrels with his opponents in politics to keep the *Sun* always before the public. In this way, as well as through his scholarly writing, his paper attained the high standing which it still holds. Mr. Dana expressed his opinions openly and fearlessly through the columns of his paper, and by so doing he has questioned the characters of a great many public men. As to the influence of his writings on the country, it has been said that he had more power than any person in a like position ever acquired. This was because

the readers of his paper recognized his true worth and unequalled judgment.

This great journalist was the last of the old group of editors who helped to make this country what it is, and battled with the pen for their native land. The renowned journalists have gone before the Almighty, and have left a worldwide reputation, and splendid newspapers to carry their fame to posterity. Mr. Dana was a deep student, and he would undoubtedly have been successful in any work; but he reached his greatest success in the line he chose for his lifework, and it is in this that he will be most honored by his successors and beloved by his countrymen.

Mr. Dana when a young man wrote considerable poetry. Several small poems of his were published in the *Dial*. His "Household Book of Poetry" was and is universally admired throughout the United States, and undoubtedly it had the largest sale among the books of its kind. "The Art of Newspaper Making" was among the last books that Mr. Dana left us. It is almost indispensable to those who desire to follow the profession of journalism. His kindly advice will prove an effective beacon-light to guide them on to fame, as his doctrines were truth, honor and integrity. "Be sure you are right, then fight for your opinions. Never attack the weak or oppressed without just reason, and last of all avoid pessimism. Believe that humanity is advancing and that the future will be greater than the past." Such counsel is sure to prove profitable not only to the journalist, but to men in all stages of life.

Mr. Dana saw at an early period that other newspapers took no pains to print the Catholic news correctly, and he made it a point to publish such news accurately and plainly, thus gaining for himself many new friends who appreciated his justice. Mr. Dana's composition was always strongly marked with good common-sense, besides its scholarly bearing, and his writings never lacked honesty and resolution. In the conducting of his newspaper he would allow nothing that had the appearance of littleness, but always insisted on the summing up of the questions which agitated the public mind. Let us hope there will be many more men like Charles Anderson Dana to raise the standard of journalism in this land, and to make a newspaper what it should be; not the chronicle of all crimes and the happenings of the darker side of life, but the exponent of all that is good in the government of the nation.

Y. L. MOTT.

Exchanges.

Students of literature will appreciate the series of papers entitled "The True Study of Literary Art," now running in the *St. John's Collegian*. The third paper is devoted to the criticism of several short lyrics, and the work is done in an original, intelligent manner. We hope to see the series continued. Under the title "The Humorous Department," a strong plea is made for more matter of a light, humorous character in college papers. We believe with the writer that humor is essentially a college product, and that as such it will be appreciated by college men in their journals. The *Collegian* has a valuable man in the person of Mr. D. C. Lyles, whose admirable pen-drawings add much to the appearance of the paper.

The "Class Tree Number" of the *Emory Phoenix* comes to us this month beautifully dressed in a new cover of blue and gold. The number contains an interesting account of the graduating exercises of the class of '98, an amusing class history and prophecy, and the "class tree day" oration. The speech, although not an oration, in the true sense of the word, is interesting nevertheless; for the speaker, evidently a loyal son of the South, is in earnest, and earnest persons always find listeners. This particular student-orator is mistaken, however, when he accuses Northern colleges of encouraging plutocracy. He adds that Southern colleges "are free from the plutocratic tendencies that obtain in the larger colleges at the North. Democratic to the core, the South does not demand a full purse as the necessary passport to the gate of learning." Neither does the North. In the nature of things the wealthy will always have influence, of course; but this does not prevent poor but ambitious students from passing successfully through our best colleges. Thanks to a very desirable American trait, young men of this stamp are generally respected more by professors and fellow-students than are the wealthier but less serious college men. The *Phoenix* contains an appreciative sketch of Sir Walter Scott. The article on Princeton University, its educational work and customs, is well written and contains much of interest to collegians. "An American," the only attempt at fiction in the number, suffers much from a lack of compression, but this is not uncommon in college stories.

Our Friends.

—Mrs. Anna Wilson, Chicago, is the guest of her son, Mr. George Wilson of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. Cunnea, of Chicago, visited her son, Master John Cunnea of St. Edward's Hall, during the week.

—Miss Agnes Curtis of Chicago was the guest of her brother, Master P. Curtis of Carroll Hall, during the latter part of last week. Miss Curtis was accompanied by Miss O'Connor, also of Chicago.

—Mrs. J. J. Crowley of Chicago attended the exercises on St. Patrick's day, during which her son, Mr. Jerome Crowley of Brownson Hall, delivered the oration of the day. Her daughter, Miss Ella, accompanied her.

—A member of the Faculty received a letter from Mr. Thomas Trahey of St. Louis lately, which contains many interesting war reminiscences. Mr. Trahey was a schoolmate of the Hon. Judge Howard of South Bend, and he was a comrade of the latter during the war.

—The *Sandusky Journal* says that "Mr. I. Curtis Brewer, of Cornell, and Mr. John W. Miller, of Notre Dame, are the members of the new firm of Brewer and Miller, civil, municipal and sanitary engineers and surveyors." The new firm has our very best wishes for success.

—Mrs. Shillington came down from Chicago on Saturday evening last to attend the Mass offered up in St. John's chapel on Sunday morning for the repose of the soul of her son John (student '94-'97), who was killed in the *Maine* disaster. Very Rev. President Morrissey was celebrant. Mrs. Shillington has the deepest sympathy of her many friends at Notre Dame in her affliction.

—We notice in the *Omaha Bee* a sketch of the life of Mr. C. V. Gallagher, who was a student at Notre Dame shortly after the war. Mr. Gallagher has been prominent in Omaha municipal affairs, was elected to the state senate, and was afterward appointed successively postmaster, collector of customs and chief of police. He is filling the last-named office creditably at the present time.

—Hugh O'Neill (LL. B. '91, B. L., LL. M. '92) delivered four orations in Chicago on the seventeenth and he also introduced another orator to the audience in Central Music Hall—a very good day's work, indeed. Mr. O'Neill was the first speaker at the celebration in Central Music Hall, one of the principal speakers at the Sons' of St. Patrick banquet at the Tremont House; he delivered the address at the Forrester's St. Patrick's Day Entertainment and at the National Benevolent League Entertainment—and all these on the same day. This great demand for Mr. O'Neill's services is but another indication of his rapid rise in his chosen profession.

La Portiuncula.

Down by the "island" of old times, on the spot where the 'professed house' now stands, there was an old, somewhat gloomy little chapel, whose plain brick walls and moss-covered roof were unnoticed by the passers-by. The tall cottonwoods threw their shadows upon it; the cedars and few maples grow thick around it; the lilac lanes run to its door. It is so small that it is nearly hidden by its natural friends.

Now there is only a heap of bricks to tell of the little church that was once dearest to the friends of Notre Dame; and another mark of older—shall we say happier—days has gone the way of all things. The chapel was built thirty-eight years ago as a counterpart of the Church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, or the Portiuncula, at Assisi, where St. Francis and his brethren first labored and prayed; and for this reason was endowed with all the indulgences of the Portiuncula. These were lost as soon as the altar was removed.

It was the favorite chapel of Father Sorin and the religious of that older time. It was the desire of the venerable Founder to be buried at the foot of the altar that he might look upon the little building as his mausoleum. The receptacle was made of brick and cement; but some time afterward it was opened and found filled with water, and the plan was given over.

It was the hope of many that this landmark could be spared, and it was the desire of Father Corby to have it repaired; but the roof of black walnut was too heavy for the walls. The ruthless wreckers began to peck at the foundations, and the walls and roof tumbled with a crash, making La Portiuncula a heap of debris in an instant.

Local Items.

—Just think, the baseball season opens in three weeks!

—The person that borrowed R. A. Murray's glove will please return it at once.

—A team from St. Joseph's Hall, captained by Dorian, defeated the Cannibals, Sunday. 12-11.

—Boarders on the second flat say there were unmistakable signs when the cat was found.

—The Cannibals were defeated by Ellwanger's men. The whole game was interesting.

—It is said that the boy prodigy has sent his violin to Leipsic to be refitted with new strings.

—Eggeman and Powers are both doing excellent work with the shot in the outdoor practice.

—"Blair" is still practising that double-

action Missouri snake twist, and will use it with deadly effect in the next game.

—On account of the new gym two old diamonds have been destroyed. New diamonds have been laid out on St. Edward's campus.

—The Carrollites are making the most of the baseball season. All the diamonds are used morning and afternoon on "rec" days.

—The Carroll Hall Specials defeated the following baseball teams, Saturday afternoon and Sunday: the Turks, 9-8; the Monahans, 15-3.

—Capt. Fred Powers is collecting for a fund to complete the race track. Let the students show their appreciation of the track team by contributing to the fund.

—The Composition class are in the field with an open challenge to play any English class in the school. The literature class has accepted their challenge and a game will be played in a short time.

—The members of the boat club met Thursday to organize crews for the spring races. A contest between Brownson and Sorin Halls will take the place of the old gold and silver jubilee race.

—Dellone and Foley were discussing the relative merits of their razors. Foley silenced his opponent with the strong argument that with his old razor he had to shave twice a week, but with his new one he needs only to shave once a week.

—The first cross country run will take place tomorrow. Capt Powers will lead his men across the level prairie land for a run of several miles. The pace will not be fast, as it is expected that many of the new candidates will participate, and their endurance is a matter of conjecture.

—"It speaks for itself," said the connoisseur of music. "What's that?" asked the other. "Why that 'Golden Dome March.' Lots of them in the office." Then he sighed and added: "We have a march, a yell, but no song. Let the cynics stop their cynicism and give us a song—a college song."

—Dr. Berteling presented to the Athletic Association a handsome platform scale, for which the association is very grateful. This will be of service to the boys in training down. The limit of weight is five hundred pounds, and if anyone goes beyond that he can be accommodated at the hay scales near the barn.

—The St. Cecilians held their seventh regular meeting Wednesday evening. The debate, Resolved, That fireworks are more beneficial than injurious, was well prepared. The arguments of Messrs. Girsch and Noonan were particularly good. The rest of the program was up to the usual standard. An interesting program was arranged for the next meeting.

—Fleming was standing near the plate awaiting his turn to bat; a foul tip struck him in the

mouth. This happened on Sunday. Thursday he was on third base; a fast ground ball came toward him; it struck a pebble, swerved from its course, and alighted on his nose. Friday a base runner sliding for third threw Fleming up in the air several feet. He is still in the game, smiling and happy, but to insure his safety a mask has been ordered for him.

—In Moot-Court, the case of Benjamin Black, who was on trial for murder, was finished. Prosecuting attorney Weadock spoke for the state, and Messrs. Brucker and Schermerhorn argued for the defence. The plea of insanity was set up, but the verdict was guilty of murder in the first degree. In the case of Alfred J. Black *vs.* M. C. R.R., Messrs. J. Haley and C. Niezer are acting for the plaintiff and Messrs. Murphy and Dreher for the railroad company.

—Professor Ewing delivered an interesting and profitable talk to the members of the Total Abstinence Society at their meeting Saturday evening. He proved, by a few apt arguments based on the principles of political economy, how advantageous total abstinence is to the individual practising it, and to the productive power of a people. It is to be hoped that the society may be entertained in as profitable a manner by the Professor again before the close of the year.

—Mention has already been made of the musical tendencies of certain dwellers in Sorin Hall. The brass cornet has been shut off because the ornithologists claim that it has driven the robins and blue-birds away; and the botanists insist that it has prevented the crocuses from coming out. There has been some trouble down at the stable with the horses. Yet there are some musicians that practice at the unhallowed hour of five in the morning; thereby rousing the ire of several somnolent neighbors. It has been suggested that these matutinal players sing some befitting chorus in place of the early morning call bell. Instead of the bell for prayer the Pilgrim's chorus will be given by an orchestra; and the hours will be marked by selections from various operas, played by a brass band.

—Last Saturday's festival was celebrated with great pomp and splendor. The mammoth bell, silent since beginning of Lent, sent forth a joyous welcome to all to participate in the solemn services. The Very Rev. Provincial Zahm officiated, while Rev. Alexander Kirsch, popularly known as the panegyrist of Saint Joseph, occupied the pulpit with a beautiful and convincing description of the Saint's unfailing intercessory power, and exhorted his hearers to a faithful imitation of the virtues most prominent in the life of the Foster Father of the Saviour. The college choir did credit to itself and director. The festival was of double interest, for besides being the Feast of the Patron of the Universal Church, it was the Patronal Feast of the Brothers of Holy Cross.

—Tomj Dilyon and Tjloonij Crolée of the Arctic expedition reported to their respective papers the details of their trip. From "*The New York Yellow Fever*" we clip the following paragraph:

Got up on the solid air two weeks ago, and found pretty good cycling until we reached a point directly above Hudson Bay, there the frozen chunks of air made further progress impossible, so we had to turn West. We are now almost to Siberia where, it is reported, the track is level. Crolée ran over a prong of a star and punctured his wheel. He had to melt his celluloid collar to fix the puncture. We crossed the route that Andrée's balloon took. I am afraid it's all off with Andrée, his balloon was leaking. We could smell the escaped gas. We heard that Julius Cæsar was in command of a regiment up in Mars. We met some of his men foraging for *res frumentariæ*."

—The Columbian literary and dramatic society held a regular meeting Thursday evening, March 24. In former years the Columbians were accustomed to disband after St. Patrick's day, but no evidence of any kind is cited to this effect for the Columbians of '98. They have established a precedent which is worthy to be emulated by their successors. The program for the evening was as follows: An impromptu speech was delivered by Harry V. Crumley, in which the young orator crowned himself with new laurels, and a declamation by J. J. Crowley. All who have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Crowley know his marked ability in this line. The debate, "Resolved, That woman suffrage is desirable," was maintained on the affirmative by Messrs. Baab and Gilbert, on the negative by Messrs. Funke and Barry. The gentlemen on the negative produced much better arguments, and the judges awarded the debate to them by a unanimous vote.

—Baab was left alone in the study-hall the other night. The boys had gone to church; the doors were locked, and he was musing over a dreamy love story, when of a sudden an uncanny noise was heard that started a shiver coursing up his back. He reached for his cane, as if to defend his person from the impending danger. The noise increased in violence, but no tangible form appeared to which the sound could be attributed. Baab faced a situation that would dissemble the courage of Chicago policemen. Here was sound, physical sound; but from whence? He knew that he was the only human being in the hall. His fears almost made him weak, but with his iron will he calmed himself so that he could get a good think. He got it. "Durn me, it's a ghost!" he said, and he rushed for a window. Fifteen minutes later, as the study-hall faculty entered, two large rats jumped out of the waste-basket and scampered to their holes, and Baab climbed in from the porch, cold, wet, and shivering. He said he heard the rats too, but that wasn't it.

—The trained players of the Rhetoric class almost met defeat at the hands of a hastily gathered team from the Literature class, last Thursday morning. The score 11 to 8 was a poor showing for the Freshmen English class. Its battery, Herman and Becker, were experienced players, and had signals between them which the Lits knew nothing about. Nevertheless fifteen safe hits were made off Herman's delivery. Wilson went in to pitch for the Rhets, but found out that his place was somewhere else, and he went there. While he was in the box, the Lits wore themselves out running bases, and piled up three scores. Daly and Sullivan were the points for the Lits. Of Daly's pitching it is unnecessary to speak. He gave them only six hits in seven innings. The scores made by the Rhets were due to errors and ignorance of the new rules; for instance, Crowley in centre-field for the Lits caught a fly on first bounce, and, thinking the man was out, ran in with the ball, and allowed three men to score. The Rhets batted poorly; they were afraid of striking out on Daly's twisters and waited to get their base on balls. Six or seven did this. It may be all right, but when people come to a ball game they like to see hitting. The Lits gave a beautiful exhibition in that line. The players and the score is as follows:

RHETORIC	A.B.	H.	Runs
Becker, c.	4	1	0
Herman, p.	4	0	2
McDonald, 1st b.	4	1	1
Wilson, 2d b.	4	0	2
Murray, ss.	4	1	3
Naughton, 3d b.	4	0	1
M. O'Shaughnessy, l. f.	4	1	2
Conway, c. f.	4	0	0
Dwyer, r. f.	4	1	0
<i>Total</i>	36	5	11
LITERATURE	A.B.	H.	Runs
Sullivan, c.	4	3	0
Daly, p.	4	2	3
Eggeman, 1st b.	4	3	0
Geoghegan, 2d b.	4	2	0
Dillon, ss.	4	3	1
Follen, 3d b.	4	2	3
Duperier, l. f.	4	3	1
Crowley, c. f.	4	2	0
F. O'Shaughnessy, r. f.	4	3	0
<i>Total</i>	36	23	8

(N. B.—This was written by a Literature player.—ED.)

—They are going to have an Antique Fair down on Rue-te-toot shortly. Several celebrated attractions have been secured, and the affair will no doubt in every way be a success. "Blear" F. Alvey will show the latest thing in hair-cuts, and will, incidentally, display the famous old limber-necked red sweater first worn by Deadwood Dick in Colorado. "Stein and Keg," the famous German comedians, will give a varied program including the roaring farce, "Hinky-Dinky Wolly Go Pog." The two O'Malleys have been engaged to tell why they are on earth, and William the railroad walker will sing "Down on the Wabash" with

various variations. Little Willie Alphonso from Tennessee will have on display the latest thing in fancy needlework, and Haley will tell all about "The Voice that Split the Gas-pipes and Rent the Stove in Three." Down in the Peanut Booth, in oriental costume, will be stationed Lan Johnders, the boy poet, and Brown the copper-lined. The Two Johnnies (Byrnes and O'Sullivan) will do the Syrian Butterfly dance and Eddie Kamperholtz will sing a catchy little German ditty entitled, "If you luf me, Meenie, spoke it mit your eyes." Several "sure thing" devices are being put in readiness for the arrival of Jamie and his contingent, and gold bricks and merschaum pipes are expected to go like peanuts at a South Bend fair. The tickets will be sold for twenty-five cents apiece, or four for one dollar.

List of Excellence.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Arithmetic—Masters Clark, Cunnea, Hall, Weidman, McCarthy, Abercrombie, L. Hart, M. Flynn, Weber, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, Davis, B. Nye, G. Phillips, P. Bortell, Milton Flynn, Fleischer, Fleming, G. Ebbert, Bosworth, W. Butler, F. Fogarty, C. Bortell, Griffith, L. McBride, R. McMaster, E. Manion, Nix, A. McFarland, Sinnott, Dessauer, Casparis, Ervin, Dougherty, J. Fogarty, T. Jackson, F. Phillips, Frost, Huleatt, Downer, Bernero, J. Hart, Leisander, G. Jackson, Topper, J. McGeeney, J. McBride, Houser, Seymour. *Grammar*—Masters Kelly, R. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, Frost, L. Hart, Weis, O'Connor, Blanchfield, P. Manion, Clark, Weidman, J. Fogarty, Huleatt, Weber, Davis, Abrahams, Milton Flynn, F. Fogarty, Guilbault, Dyer, Shipley, Williams, Schaur, Purdy, C. Bortell, Hinsey, G. Jackson, J. McGeeney, B. McMaster, Topper, Nix, Dougherty, Ervin, Miles Flynn, Fleischer, Fleming, P. McBride, L. McBride, A. McFarland, B. Nye, Wilde, Lockwood, Bosworth, G. Ebbert, F. Ebbert, W. Butler, T. Butler, P. Bortell, Griffith, J. Hart, Shields, Lawton. *Reading*—Masters T. Jackson, Frost, Dessauer, Dougherty, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Weber, Fleming, L. Hart, Lawton, G. Ebbert, Bosworth, F. Fogarty, J. McBride, Robins, Houser, Downer, Donahoe, McCarthy, Hall, Abercrombie, Clark, Jonquet. *Orthography*—Masters Lawton, McCarthy, Dessauer, F. Ebbert, Hall, Jonquet, Abrahams, Lockwood, Robins, E. McGeeney, Houser, C. Fuchs, Von Albade, Leisander, C. Nye, R. McMaster, A. Fuchs, A. McFarland, L. Hart, Casparis, Ervin, Fleming, B. Nye, Weis, T. Butler, T. Jackson, Sinnott, W. Butler, G. Ebbert, J. Hart, L. McBride, B. McMaster, Nix, J. McGeeney, Bosworth, Griffith, Topper, W. McBride, Leclercque, Schonlau, St. Clare. *Geography*—Masters Cunnea, O'Connor, P. Manion, F. Phillips, J. Van Dyke, Weis, Dougherty, L. Hart, Casparis, Ervin, Strong, T. Butler, J. Fogarty, Huleatt, Fleischer, P. McBride, Dyer, A. McFarland, Shipley, Griffith, G. Ebbert, W. Butler, R. McMaster, Bosworth, J. McGeeney. *Catechism*—Masters Kelly, Weber, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Dougherty, Dessauer, F. Ebbert, McCarthy, M. Flynn, Abercrombie, F. Phillips, P. Manion, O'Connor, L. Hart, M. Flynn, Fleischer, Griffith, P. McBride, L. McBride, A. McFarland, Wilde, Dyer, T. Jackson, J. McBride, Downer, Caruthers, Von Albade, Donahoe. *Music*—Masters O'Connor, P. Bortell, Dougherty, Weidman, Weber, L. McBride, Davis, Lawton, Lockwood, L. Hart, Bosworth, Kelly, F. Phillips, Hinsey, Donahoe, C. Bortell, Wilde, P. McBride, Purdy, Casparis, Hall, Kirwan, P. Manion. *United States History*—Masters Weidman, P. Manion, Frost, Weber, L. Hart, Ervin, P. Bortell, Huleatt, B. Nye.